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The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. XXIV. NOVEMBER, 1915. No. 6

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

MONTHLY, EXCEPT AUGUST: 50 cents a year.
Single copy, 5 cents.

Entered at the Boston, Mass., post-office as second class mail matter, Nov. 14, 1892.

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MY PSALM.

I mourn no more my vanished years:
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.

The west winds blow, and, singing low,
I hear the glad streams run;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind
I look, in hope or fear;
But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

I plough no more a desert land,
To harvest weed and tare:
The manna dropping from God's hand
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff, I lay
Aside the toiling oar:
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

The airs of spring may never play
Among the ripening corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May
Blow through the autumn morn;

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
Through fringèd lids to heaven,
And the pale aster in the brook
Shall see its image given;

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
The south wind softly sigh,
And sweet, calm days in golden haze
Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word
Rebuke an age of wrong;
The graven flowers that wreathe the sword
Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to heal,
To build as to destroy;
Nor less my heart for others feel
That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told!

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back;

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good;

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight;

That care and trial seem at last,
Through Memory's sunset air,
Like mountain-ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair;

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

—*John G. Whittier.*

GOOD TIDINGS.

For the fuller knowledge of our Father our hearts glow with gratitude to Jesus of Nazareth. Beyond all other spiritual leaders he had the vision of eternal realities, and he bound together in his teaching the two mighty thoughts of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of all people, and showed us that our worship is only real when we love and serve all God's children to the utmost of our power. There are many ways of serving. Every one can do something to brighten the lives of others. In this new age, as we come to see clearly that all people have essentially the same needs with ourselves, new ways of carrying out the teachings of Jesus are continually opening. Whatever our own gifts may be, we can make them contribute to the common stock of happiness, and are blessed both in giving and receiving.

"Jesus, I fain would find
Thy zeal for God in me,
Thy yearning pity for mankind,
Thy burning charity."

God wishes us to do our best for each other, and the more that we try the more power he seems to give us to work with him in his blessed ministries, for, as the old apostolic teaching reads, "to all the Father desires to give of his own gracious gifts." So we look to Jesus, who brought us this beautiful gospel of love and taught us that we are all members one of another, and who lived himself in the light of these high ideals, going about to do good, and giving up his life for mankind, not as we worship the Great Creator, our Celestial Companion, the High and Lofty One, who inhabited Eternity, but as unto our master and teacher, the elder brother who has shown us the way, the fairest of the sons of men, who through all the centuries since he walked on earth has remained, in the words of Martineau, "the most enduring object of human affection."

"May I send my love to Jesus?" asked a little child, unexpectedly, as she knelt at her mother's knee for her evening prayer, and her mother could not say her nay.

We learn of Jesus and of the history of the Hebrews, with their long struggle after a knowledge of God, from the Bible, the collected writings which form the Old and New Testaments. Generations of our forefathers have lived in the light of it, and meditating upon its holiest and clearest lessons they found, in spite of its having been translated, often imperfectly, from older languages, and containing much that still remains doubtful and perplexing, enough of divine truth to be their guide and strong support through the wilderness of life. The Hebrew seers and prophets rose at last to a spiritual height surpassing all other seekers after truth, and their message culminated in the glorious gospel of Jesus, so we hold to our hearts this Book of books, which we have inherited from our fathers. The splendor and force of its language command our admiration and stamp its teachings upon the mind, while every day they grow clearer to our understanding from the explanations of enlightened criticism. We welcome all the research that shows us how the idea of the one true God slowly rose and expanded, and how the different books were put together, until the Bible came to exist as a whole, as we have it now, with all its mysteries and enigmas the bread of life to the believer's heart, the human soul in its search after the Eternal speaking from the depths of the past to the soul of man to-day.

And what may we think about the life beyond? About the life of the soul, which we know is our real self, when the body grows weary, and is laid away? Whether the account be true or not that Jesus, through the Father's grace and his own extraordinary power of spirit, was able to appear to his disciples after death and prove to them that he was living, we know that we are still in God's universe, and he is with us, for he is everywhere, and he will take care of us, as he does now, wherever we may be. Even if we do not desire a future life for ourselves, our hearts plead that we may see again the parents, the children, the friends we have lost, who have entered before us into the unseen. And, believing as we do that our spirits share the nature of the Eternal, we have good ground for belief in a future life, not as a reward for any good actions here, but as truly a natural process as was our birth into this world, or the coming of the violet and anemone out from the dark earth in the spring.

There is no selfishness in this expectation of a continued life. If we love our lost friends, we wish to see them again, to understand them better and do better by them than we could possibly do here, and, if we love our God and Father, we wish to go on working for him, and to enter with more intelligence into his vast and beautiful designs. The old catechism describes the chief end of man as "to glorify God and enjoy him forever," and these words express our longing, as we think of the goodness of our Father, the beauty of his works, his nearness to us, and the wonderful possibilities of the natures he has given us. "Because thy

loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee."

And may we not, in our lowliness, also believe a corresponding truth? The great English preacher, Stopford Brooke, says, "God never considers himself at all," and surely we may think that our Almighty Father finds happiness, like an earthly father, in considering his children, in developing and making them perfect, in combining them for carrying out of mighty undertakings that as yet we know not of, and so enjoying them forever, through all the ages. The human personality is the most precious thing that this world can show us, and doubtless he who made it values it far more than we.

"I came," said Jesus, "that they might have life, and that they might have it abundantly," and on the hills of Galilee he taught his disciples, and the crowds that thronged to hear his words, how to enter into the blessedness of this higher life, the real life of humanity, and how to meet the trials and solve the problems of their every-day experience by the light of heavenly wisdom. With patience and fortitude, therefore, with forbearance and compassion, and with eyes opened to the needs of the other children of God around us, so often messengers of things divine, let us follow him in the path of obedience, confident that there is hope for all, that we can rise above our temptations and repair our mistakes, and that we are needed in God's world.

We are meant to fulfil a glorious destiny. Even here and now every effort we make to turn toward the light, to overcome evil with good, brings us something of creative joy, and our Father with boundless treasures of energy and love is at our side.—*Ellen S. Bulfinch.*

THE STILL HOUR.

THE GLADDENER.

Do we only give thee heed,
  Lord, when other help is gone?
Doth the soreness of our need
  Send us to the heavenly throne?
Wherefore should our souls repair
Only to the Comforter?

Must not thy glad creatures yearn
  Of their best their Lord to bring?
Must not happy spirits burn
  To the gladdener to spring?
Hath our joy for thee no place?
Art thou not our God of grace?

Should not each bright golden hour
  Lay its lustre at thy feet?
May not, Lord, our blissful bower
  Rise beneath thy mercy-seat?
Who like happy souls may call
For the wings celestial?

Maketh not thy presence cheer?
  May thy lovers, Lord, be sad?
Who are like the angels near?
  Who are like the angels glad?
Fullest sure of bliss we are
When we feel the Gladdener.

The first condition of all true life is a supreme love to God and goodness. If, each day, we seek first of all to be in a spirit of good will, to be open to sympathy with those around us, to do for love of God whatever work he sends us, to do for others whatever our hand finds to do, then we shall have that "perfume tempered together, pure and holy," which shall make the day sweet and the night serene, the peace passing understanding which Christ's love gives, and the world cannot take away.

Have we not sometimes seen persons on whom this ineffable Dove of Peace seems always to brood? some persons whom nothing could disturb, no accident, no disappointment, no disaster; who never seemed vexed, never discomposed, never sore, never out of temper; who were impregnable to all assaults of evil; who were like the rock in the sea, over which the great billows break and roar, but which stands unmoved, and emerges at last calm and firm as ever.

What produced this divine serenity, subject to no moods, clouded by no depression, this perpetual Sunday of the heart? It was not merely good nature, not the accident of a happy organization. It was deeper than that. It was the perfect poise resulting from a Christian experience. It was the habit of looking to God in love and to man in love.—*James Freeman Clarke, "Messages of Faith, Hope, and Love."*

We praise God at intervals with our lips, but our whole life should be a ceaseless song of praise.—*St. Augustine.*

Let us give thanks to God upon Thanksgiving Day! Nature is beautiful, and fellowmen are dear and duty is close beside us and He is over us and in us. What more do we want, except to be more thankful and more faithful, more worthy of the tasks and privileges He has given us.—*Phillips Brooks.*

Think also this, that each of us has been created for a special work, that each is an essential part of the great whole, and that, as the soul is unfolded and we are developed more and more, we shall find ourselves here for a special mission.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

Do right, and God's recompense to you will be the power to do more right. Give, and God's reward to you will be the spirit of giving more. Love, and God will pay you with the capacity of more love; for love is Heaven—love is God within you.—*F. W. Robertson.*

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.
—*John G. Whittier, "The Eternal Goodness."*

The great thing is to have felt that which is the holiest and most immortally beautiful in our obscure destiny; it is to have learned by a series of experiences to love this life for its pains and its hope, to love mankind for their miseries and their nobility, and to belong to humanity by heart, intelligence, and compassion.—*Charles Wagner.*

In the last analysis the welfare of the state depends absolutely upon whether or not the average family, the average man and woman and their children, represent the kind of citizenship fit for the foundation of a great nation; and, if we fail to appreciate this, we fail to appreciate the root morality upon which all healthy civilization is based.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

OFFERS.

The Brighton Branch sent the following list of books for advertisement. Address Miss C. L. Murdock, 320 Allston Street, Brighton, Mass., Boulevard Station.

Fiction.

"Alice for Short," De Morgan; "The Man Outside," Martyn; "The Waters of Destruction," A. Perrin; "Tante," Anne Douglas Sedgwick; "Smith College Stories," J. D. Daskam; "The Shuttle," Burnett; "The Spoilers," Rex E. Beach; "For the Soul of Rafael," Ryan; "Against Human Nature," M. L. Pool; "A Hoosier Chronicle," Nicholson; "That Pup," Ellis Parker Butler; "Mary Cameron," Edith Sawyer.

"Monologues," May Isabel Fisk; "Rust," play by Algernon Tassin.

"All along the Labrador Coast," Townsend; "Black Beauty"; "Famous Actors," Strang; "Famous Actresses," Strang; "Mythology," Bechtel; "Portraits and Silhouettes of Musicians"; "The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám"; "Portsmouth, Historic and Picturesque."

Little Children's Books.

"The Sunbonnet Baby Primer"; "Snowbird Series"; "Frolicsome Frisk and his Friends"; "The Pet Pony"; "Artful Pussy"; "The Dog Postman"; "Dick and his Friends"; "Wise Birds and Clever Dogs"; "The Good Ship Rover"; "The Story of a Child's Companion"; "Brave Donal"; "Golden Rays Story-book"; "Minikin's Party"; "Dogs."

Baedeker's "Northern Germany," 1904; Baedeker's "Southern Germany," 1907; Baedeker's "London," 1905; Baedeker's "Great Britain," 1906; *Good Housekeeping*, 1913 and 1914; "Wild Flower Sonnets"; *Pictorial Review*, 1913; *Home Journal*, 1913; *Home Companion*, 1914; *Delineator*, 1913–1914; *Literary Digest*, six months of 1914.

REQUESTS.

1. Will some one please send me the following books: "Ben Hur," by Wallace; and the "Lays of Ancient Rome," by Macaulay? I have received nice books and magazines in the past which I appreciated very much. Miss Emma E. Horton, Elkville, North Carolina.

2. Will some one kindly send me the *American Magazine* for February and March, 1914, and some Bible stories for my little boy of four years? I enjoy very much everything that is sent. Mrs. Daniel A. Monroe, Manchester, North Carolina.

3. Mrs. Eva Kinser, Athens, Tennessee, Route 8, a widow, asks for books and magazines.

4. Words are inadequate to express my appreciation of the many kindnesses received through the Cheerful Letter Exchange. What a blessing the Exchange is to the helpless and lonely. God bless the work, is my

daily prayer. I have been practically helpless for twelve years; cannot work to pass the time. I should be very grateful for books or any cheer to brighten the lonely, painful hours. Should also greatly appreciate postcard or stereoscopic views of the World's Panama-Pacific Exposition. My mother has not recovered from her accident of a year ago, and is confined to bed much of the time. We are alone and entirely dependent upon the kindness of friends. Miss Myrta Eshbaugh, Tionesta, Pennsylvania.

5. I am a young mother with four small children. I should especially like some little picture books to amuse the children with while I am busy. I refer you to Rev. G. O. Wilhort, Ansonville, North Carolina. Mrs. Nealie Gardner, Ansonville, North Carolina, R. F. D. 1.

6. Mrs. Mary Edwards, Polkton, North Carolina, R. D. 3, Box 33, would be glad of magazines, papers, and cards for her family, six of whom are children.

7. I live in the country and am so lonely. I spend much time in reading. My books "to me a kingdom are." I shall appreciate it so much if some one will send me the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Pictorial Review*, and any good book they are through with. I especially wish to read "The Witch"; but I have forgotten the author's name. My pastor is Rev. J. A. Taylor, Whitaker's, North Carolina, Box 127. My address is Mrs. G. W. Martin, Jr., Whitaker's, North Carolina, Route 1.

8. I live out in the country on a small farm about two miles from a small town. I shall be twenty-two years old the sixth of September, and should like a shower on my birthday. Should like some good reading and a Bible in the large print for my mother, as her eyes are bad and she cannot see very well. I should like some scraps of calico, for I love to piece quilts. Should like a book by the name of "Ruby's Reward." For reference, apply to Rev. L. L. Smith, Ansonville, North Carolina. Ethel Ballard, Ansonville, North Carolina.

9. Miss Fannie Brammer, of Floyd, Virginia, Route 1, is one of those faithful daughters who spends most of her time caring for and comforting an aged and afflicted mother, and she says that some good reading, especially some magazines like *The Century*, *McClure's*, *Cosmopolitan*, would help to make life more cheerful for her.

10. Miss Myra Dodd, Sandidges, Virginia, R. F. D. 2, living in the country, and lonely, will be glad of magazines.

11. My home has been so lonely without the little *Cheerful Letter*, but it reached my hand some few days ago, and I cannot express how much I enjoyed reading it. I am alone most of the time, and would thank the kind friends for some good literature. I should be thankful for some patchwork pieces. Mrs. M. J. Hall, Sandy Ridge, North Carolina, Box 45.

12. I should be very glad to receive good books of any kind, as I live by myself. I should greatly appreciate a Bible or good spiritual reading to help me in life's toilsome journey. J. R. Leake, Campbell, North Carolina.

13. May I receive some good magazines, especially *McCall's Magazine* for fall and winter of 1915? Also should like a good cook-book. My mother is a widow and very fond of reading. She would appreciate any reading, and patchwork scraps. Mrs. C. A. Vaughn, Athens, Tennessee, Route 8.

14. I should like to get some good books to read. I live in the country, am mother of five children, and a farmer's wife. I should especially like to have the "Harvester," I have forgotten the author's name. I also should like some reading for children. Thanks for past favors. Mrs. R. D. Gillespie, Pedlar Mills, Virginia.

15. Mrs. Anna Teague, Mannington, Kentucky, is anxious for a teacher's Bible for her husband to use in his Sunday school.

16. I am a farmer's daughter of Ibestern, Oklahoma, and I should be very glad to receive good magazines and books. Should also be glad to receive music lessons for my little sister, first or second grade lessons. Now, if I have asked for too much, please send the music and leave the books. I refer you to Mrs. McFarland of Mt. Park, as I have no pastor now. Miss Ruby Cook, Mt. Park, Oklahoma.

17. I am taking a course through the mail. My course consists of History, Sociology, and Economics. I have bought all the books I am able to buy. Will you please give me these books? I need them so much: "American Nation Series," vols. 19, 22, 23, 24, 25, and 26. These are histories. Clark's "Distribution of Wealth." I hope you can find them second-hand. (Rev.) W. R. Chapman, Remington, Virginia.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

HOW TO READ.

(Continued from last number.)

Now for our several courses of reading. Perhaps we can set down on paper the rules or the system by which each reader may read well in the line of his own genius, and so find out before he has done with this life, what the line of that genius is, as far as there is any occasion.

DO NOT TRY TO READ EVERYTHING.

That is the first rule. Do not think you must be a Universal Genius. Do not "read all Reviews," as an old code I had bade young men do. And give up, as early as you can, the passion, with which all young people naturally begin, of "keeping up with the literature of the time." As for the literature of the time, if one were to adopt any extreme rule, Mr. Emerson's would be the better of the two possible extremes. He says it is wise to read no book till it has been printed a year; that before the year is well over, many of those books drift out of sight, which just now all the newspapers are telling you to read. But then, seriously, I do not suppose he acts on that rule himself. Nor need you and I. Only, we will not try to read them all.

Here I must warn my young friend not to go on talking about "nineteenth century trash."

It will not do to use such words about a century in which have written Goethe, Fichte, Cuvier, Schleiermacher, Martineau, Scott, Tennyson, Thackeray, Browning, and Dickens, not to mention a hundred others.

No. We trust to conversation with the others, who have had their different paths in this picnic of ours, to learn from them just the brightest and best things that they have seen and heard. And we will try to be able to tell them, simply and truly, the best things we find on our own paths. Now, for selecting the path, what shall we do,—since one cannot in one little life attempt them all?

You can select for yourself, if you will only keep a cool head, and have your eyes open. First of all, remember that what you want from books is the information in them, and the stimulus they give to you, and the amusement for your recreation. You do not read for the poor pleasure of saying you have read them. You are reading for the subject, much more than for the particular book, and if you find that you have exhausted all the book has on your subject, then you are to leave that book, whether you have read it through or not. In some cases you read because the author's own mind is worth knowing; and then the more you read the better you know him. But these cases do not affect the rule. You read for what is in the books, not that you may mark such a book off from a "course of reading," or say at the next meeting of the "Philogabblian Society" that you "have just been reading Kant" or "Godwin." What is the subject, then, which you want to read upon?

Half the boys and girls who read this have been so well trained that they know. They know what they want to know. One is sure that she wants to know more about Mary Queen of Scots; another, that he wants to know more about fly-fishing; another, that she wants to know more about Egyptian hieroglyphics; another, that he wants to know more about propagating new varieties of pansies; another, that she wants to know more about "The Ring and the Book"; another, that he wants to know more about the "Tenure of Office bill." Happy is this half. To know your ignorance is the great first step to its relief. To confess it, as has been said before, is the second. In a minute I will be ready to say what I can to this happy half, but one minute first for the less happy half, who know they want to read something because it is so nice to read a pleasant book, but who do not know what that something is. They come to us, as their ancestors came to a relative of mine who was librarian of a town library sixty years ago: "Please, sir, mother wants a sermon book, and another book."

To these undecided ones I simply say, now has the time come for decision. Your school studies have undoubtedly opened up so many subjects to you that you very naturally find it hard to select between them. Shall you keep up your drawing, or your music, or your history, or your botany, or your chemistry? Very well in the schools, to have started in these things, but now you are coming to womanhood or manhood it is for you to decide which shall go forward.

Now you can decide in this way. Tell me, or tell yourself, what is the passage in your reading or in your life for the last week which rests on your memory. Let us see if we thoroughly understand that passage. If we do not, we will see if we cannot learn to. That will "give us a course of reading" for the next twelve months, or if we choose for the rest of our lives. There is no end, you will see, to a true course of reading; and, on the other hand, you may about as

well begin at one place as another. Remember that you have infinite lives before you, so you need not hurry in the details for fear the work should never be done.—*E. E. Hale, "How To Do It."*

NATURAL HISTORY.

DOG STORIES.

Pierrot, Dog of Belgium.

Almost every one who takes notice of dogs knows how important a rôle the dogs of Belgium play in the industrial life of peaceful times in that nation. There is something strikingly picturesque about those able-bodied intelligent business-like working dogs, plodding to market at early morning between the shafts of little drays full of fresh products of the dairy and the garden. Willing helpers, almost indispensable, are they with their "one-tenth horse-power," protectors and playmates of the children and guardians of property and the home.

Such a dog was Pierrot, we learn, before the tragedy of Belgium, and how he fared when all the fighting strength of his country was called forth—this is the story that Mr. Dyer tells us.

Pierrot is commandeered for his country's defence, and is quickly trained to draw a machine gun. With the courage and zeal of the bravest he tugs his weapon to the firing line, and there, amidst the "battle madness which sometimes turns men into fiends," he helps out in the desperate resistance. He is wounded, and makes his escape, to suffer not only from his injuries, but also from thirst and hunger for many shelterless and friendless days and nights. He finally drags himself to the once prosperous home of his master only to find it reduced to ruin, but in a little one-room shack near by, a wretched makeshift hovel, Pierrot finds his own dear people, whose misery is for a time forgotten for joy over the return of their bread-winning, soldier dog.—*Walter A. Dyer.*

A Useful Dog.

When the twin-screw Jersey Central Railroad flier, "Sandy Hook," rushes north on her morning trip from North Jersey coast resorts, and also when she returns with her afternoon load of tired commuters, harbor travellers and fishermen see a light wherry put off from the West Bank Lighthouse with one man rowing straight for the steamer, while a large, wire-haired Irish terrier leaps about in the rowboat's bow, displaying great excitement as the vessel draws near.

The "Sandy Hook" never slows up or swerves from her course, but when the rowboat is just abeam a sailor, leaning far over the end of the captain's bridge, hurls toward the lone oarsman a small bundle, made up of three copies of the New York *Times*, and in the evening a similar package of the evening papers.

The rower is Robert Buske, the keeper of the light. He hastily backs his cockle-shell away from the surges rolling out from the ship's sides, and his dog, Buster, with a final yelp, dives headlong into the waves, swims to the bundle, and retrieves it. Then Buske rows back to the lighthouse, which stands in the loneliest part of the harbor, at the parting of the Swash and Old Ship Channels. Then Thomas Thomson and John J. Flanagan, respectively, first and second assistant keepers, hoist boat and passengers up to the davits on the lighthouse gallery, and the men plunge at once into the war news.

Rumor has it that Buster's extreme eagerness to get the bundles is due to the fact that very often there is secreted between the papers some tidbit from the officers' mess and now and then a few bonbons from the passengers to break the monotony of his regular government fare.

The double daily news delivery was inaugurated last year purely as an act of good nature by the officers of the "Sandy Hook," who took pity on the increased solitude of the keepers since sea-going vessels began using the Ambrose Channel far to the eastward instead of passing their front door.

Buster is new this year, and his feat is not only a convenience but a real safeguard to his master, for before he came on the job there were several narrow escapes when a sudden eddy or slant of wind carried the rowboat, already too near for safety, almost against the flying side of the steamship and into the suction of her racing screws astern.

One day the sea breeze, combined with a lucky throw, landed the bundle directly in the boat. Buster's rage and disappointment knew no bounds until Buske tossed his cap overboard and let him retrieve that as the "Sandy Hook" drove on for the Narrows.

Buster was born in Rowayton, Connecticut, eight years ago, and entered the lighthouse service in early puppyhood.

"He calls me in foggy weather to start the fog signal," said Buske. "He picks out my boat from a fleet whenever we go ashore. He can smoke my pipe and wear my uniform cap, and he don't like the assistants because

they don't bring him treats when they go ashore. I always do."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Lemuel Hill, seventy years old, of Blairstown, New Jersey, is barely alive to-day, and that he is living at all is due to his collie, Don. Hill, accompanied by Don, went into Walnut Valley, outside Blairstown, for blackberries. While crossing a fence Hill fell and broke his leg. Unable to move, he lay where he fell, near a little stream.

With night came a terrific storm. Rain beat down in torrents, and in a short time the stream was a raging torrent. Realizing the danger, Don dragged his master to high ground and prevented his drowning. Then he started to drag him toward home. Up hill and down dale Don tugged the helpless man, stopping only when the pain to his master became too great, or when his own strength failed.

Meantime Hill's friends had become alarmed and organized searching parties. Don succeeded in dragging his master to a road, two miles from where the accident happened, and there he was found unconscious. But not until he revived did Don allow the men to approach.

For six days Hill ate only a few blackberries, while the collie had nothing.

Canine Life Saver.

One of the most interesting of the many experiences of the survivors of the lost "Formidable" is that of John Cowan, an A.B. of the Royal Fleet Reserve. Cowan was carried into the Pilot Boat Hotel at Lyme Regis and placed on the kitchen floor in the belief that he was dead, all efforts to restore him after he had been lifted out of the boat having failed. As he lay there unconscious and unattended, all attention being concentrated on those who showed any sign of life, a remarkable incident occurred. A dog of the house, a rough-haired crossbred collie, walked to the body and displayed considerable uneasiness. Lassie, for this is the dog's name, whined piteously and lay alongside Cowan and began to lick his face. At the end of half an hour a faint moan, a movement of the body, and a glad whining from the dog attracted the attention of one of the helpers. The warmth of the dog's body against Cowan's heart and his assiduous licking of his face had induced circulation. Immediately willing hands completed the work the dog had begun and in a short time Cowan sat up.—*Our Four-footed Friends.*

BIOGRAPHY.

THE CHARACTER AND WRITINGS OF JOHN MILTON.

(Continued from last number.)

Milton's alleged virulence was manifested toward private and public foes. The first, such as Salmasius and Morus, deserved no mercy. They poured out on his spotless character torrents of calumny, charging him with the blackest vices of the heart and the foulest enormities of the life. It ought to be added, that the manners and spirit of Milton's age justified a retaliation on such offenders, which the more courteous, and, we will hope, more Christian spirit of the present times will not tolerate. Still we mean not to be his apologists. Milton, raised as he was above his age, and fortified with the consciousness of high virtue, ought to have been, both to his own and future times, an example of Christian equanimity. In regard to the public enemies whom he assailed, we mean the despots in church and state, and the corrupt institutions which had stirred up a civil war, the general strain of his writings, though strong and stern, must exalt him, notwithstanding his occasional violence, among the friends of civil and religious liberty. That liberty was in peril. Great evils were struggling for perpetuity, and could only be broken down by great power. Milton felt that interests of infinite moment were at stake; and who will blame him for binding himself to them with the whole energy of his great mind, and for defending them with fervor and vehemence? We must not mistake Christian benevolence, as if it had but one voice, that of soft entreaty. It can speak in piercing and awful tones. There is constantly going on in our world a conflict between good and evil. The cause of human nature has always to wrestle with foes. All improvement is a victory won by struggles. It is especially true of those great periods which have been distinguished by revolutions in government and religion, and from which we date the most rapid movements of the human mind, that they have been signalized by conflict. Thus Christianity convulsed the world and grew up amidst storms; and the Reformation of Luther was a signal to universal war; and Liberty in both worlds has encountered opposition, over which she has triumphed only through her own immortal energies. At such periods, men, gifted with great power of thought and loftiness of sentiment, are especially sum-

moned to the conflict with evil. They hear, as it were, in their own magnanimity and generous aspirations, the voice of a divinity; and thus commissioned, and burning with a passionate devotion to truth and freedom, they must and will speak with an indignant energy, and they ought not to be measured by the standard of ordinary minds in ordinary times. Men of natural softness and timidity, of a sincere but effeminate virtue, will be apt to look on these bolder, hardier spirits, as violent, perturbed, and uncharitable; and the charge will not be wholly groundless. But that deep feeling of evils, which is necessary to effectual conflict with them, and which marks God's most powerful messengers to mankind, cannot breathe itself in soft and tender accents. The deeply moved soul will speak strongly, and ought to speak so as to move and shake nations.

We have offered these remarks as strongly applicable to Milton. He reverenced and loved human nature, and attached himself to its great interests with a fervor of which only such a mind was capable. He lived in one of those solemn periods which determine the character of ages to come. His spirit was stirred to its very centre by the presence of danger. He lived in the midst of the battle. That the ardor of his spirit sometimes passed the bounds of wisdom and charity, and poured forth unwarrantable invective, we see and lament. But the purity and loftiness of his mind break forth amidst his bitterest invectives. We see a noble nature still. We see that no feigned love of truth and freedom was a covering for selfishness and malignity. He did indeed love and adore uncorrupted religion and intellectual liberty, and let his name be enrolled among their truest champions. Milton has told us, in his own noble style, that he entered on his principal controversy reluctantly, and only through a deep conviction of duty. The introduction to the second book of his "Reason of Church Government" shows us the workings of his mind on this subject, and is his best vindication from the charge we are now repelling. He says:—

"Surely to every good and peaceable man, it must in nature needs be a hateful thing, to be the displeaser and molester of thousands; much better would it like him, doubtless, to be the messenger of gladness and contentment, which is his chief intended business to all mankind, but that they resist and oppose their own true happiness. But when God commands to take the trumpet, and blow a dolorous or a jarring blast, it lies not in man's will what he shall say, or what he shall conceal. . . . This I foresee, that should the church be brought under heavy oppression, and God have given me ability the while to reason against that man that should be the author of so foul a deed, or should she, by blessing from above on the industry and courage of faithful men, change this her distracted estate into better days, without the least furtherance or contribution of those few talents which God at that present had lent me; I foresee what stories I should hear within myself, all my life after, of discourage and reproach. 'Timorous and ungrateful, the church of God is now again at the foot of her insulting enemies, and thou bewailest; what matters it for thee or thy bewailing? When time was, thou couldst not find a syllable of all that thou hast read or studied, to utter in her behalf. Yet ease and leisure was given thee for thy retired thoughts, out of the sweat of other men. Thou hadst the diligence, the parts, the language of a man, if a vain subject were to be adorned or beautified; but when the cause of God and his church was to be pleaded, for which purpose that tongue was given thee which thou hast, God listened if he could hear thy voice among his zealous servants, but thou wert dumb as a beast: from henceforward be that which thine own brutish silence hath made thee.' . . . . But now, by this little diligence, mark what a privilege I have gained with good men and saints, to claim my right of lamenting the tribulations of the church, if she should suffer, when others, that have ventured nothing for her sake, have not the honor to be admitted mourners. But, if she lift up her drooping head and prosper, among those that have something more than wished her welfare, I have my charter and freehold of rejoicing to me and my heirs.

"Concerning therefore this wayward subject against prelaty, the touching whereof is so distasteful and disquietous to a number of men, as by what hath been said I may deserve of charitable readers to be credited, that neither envy nor gall hath entered me upon this controversy, but the enforcement of conscience only, and a preventive fear lest the omitting of this duty should be against me, when I would store up to myself the good provision of peaceful hours."—*William Ellery Channing.*

LETTERS FROM THE REV. JAMES A. THOMS.

DEC. 1, 1914.

Many thanks for your letter. Could you suggest any persons to whom I might send enclosed folders?

Since I gave all my time to the *lumber-jack*,

my dear wife and daughter, the latter a trained nurse, are at the head of the hospital, although ably aided by Mrs. Ada Wilkinson.

Since the passing of the new Workmen's Insurance Act of New York, we have had no trouble in making the Hospital take care of itself. It pays its way except for necessary supplies from time to time.

FEB. 27, 1915.

The main reason I have not written to you of late has been that I feared to presume too much on your kindness, or intrude on your time.

I have been confined to the house for a few weeks. Just utter exhaustion from "hitting the trail" in a very real sense for many miles in seeking the lost in a moral sense.

Our income was very good for December; but very meagre indeed for January and February. But the Hospital more than paid its way. The State Workmen's Law enables us to get fees.

My method is to say nothing of dogmatics, but point every one to abandon form and look to our Heavenly Father *directly* for help and power to help others; so that I might be all things to all men and save some from formalism to a real life of true spiritual freedom. The results are wonderful. Many are liberal in thought and free from cringing fear of dogmatic teachings, and love God and their fellows more and more. Of course my medical service and other goods have also taught by example.

Were I asked to sum up my three years' work here, I would say that, first, the saloons have been voted out at great personal expense to me. The chief offender turned into a lumber contractor, changed from enemy to friend. All denominations won to a more sober and serious mode of religious expression that emphasizes personal self-control. The establishment of the Hospital, and relief calls from the wounded in the mountains. The women's life brightened by my visits and uplifted by being treated as ladies by a cultured man, and a gentleman, at least once a month. Lessons in hygiene, dieting, and care of the sick, by personal talks. The vile public dance changed into a select club, eliminating all its evil features. And now I hope to secure a vote this spring that will centralize the scattered schools, and introduce some technical features. Much more has been done, but I must close.

I shall press on till autumn, and if the Master and the Work awaken enough interest in God's stewards to put it on a good financial basis, I will go on. If not, we must just trust the whole field to others and look for a pastorate elsewhere.

I forgot to say I have two lay workers laboring with zeal in my lumber-camp work, for little or no return.

Yours as hoping against hope to bring the age of Utopia to this sad, ignorant, but developing cosmos.

A DOG, A CAT, AND A BIRD ALL CHUMS TOGETHER.

All stories which have appeared in fairy books concerning the friendship of animals are certainly equalled, if not surpassed, by the tale which comes from Malden of the friendship of a big cat and a fine Scotch collie for a little blue jay. All three were owned by Miss Esther L. Drake, 31 Drown's Court, Malden.

The bird was caught about five weeks ago when it fell out of a tree near Miss Drake's home. She took it home and introduced the little fellow to both Pom Pom, the cat, and Bonnie Heather, the dog, and the friendship began at once. The bird was given the name of Robert Curiosity Sociability Burns, Doctor of Big Appetites, but in spite of the handicap he has grown big and fat.

During the first few weeks of his life at the Drake home he was unable to fly about the house and was obliged to utilize the dog when he wished to go from one room to another. Bonnie would lie down on the floor, and the little fellow would climb up on her back, and would cling on with all his might, while the dog went up over the stairs in rapid fashion.

PULLED BASTING THREADS.

As is suggested by his name, the little jay was a big eater, and at meal times he could always be found perched on the shoulder of some member of the family, ever ready for any morsel of food that might be given him.

If he did not think that he had received enough to eat he would later go out with Pom Pom into the back porch, hop on to the dish, and take an occasional bit of food or a sip of milk. This never seemed to annoy the cat, and never during the four weeks of their acquaintance did they have a quarrel.

Needless to say, the little bird endeared himself to all the members of the Drake family, and, according to Miss Drake, he has been a great help to her in the work about the house. For instance, when she was sewing the bird would sit on the table

and would pull the basting threads from the cloth as soon as his mistress loosened them.

After a week or two, his wings got strong enough so that he could fly outside the house, and then young Mr. Burns made friends with all the neighbors and was a frequent caller at their houses, where he never failed to receive a welcome and also a little refreshment.

When he was out on these excursions, Bonnie and Pom Pom were on hand to see that he met with no harm, and one night a week ago, when he decided to stay up in a tree all night, the cat went up and sat beside him for the entire night and refused to be coaxed down by Miss Drake.

Three days ago the blue jay went out one morning and did not appear again at night. It was first feared that he had met with some accident, but all fears were set at rest the next morning, when he returned. The inevitable had happened, however. Robert C. S. Burns had fallen in love and had brought Mrs. Burns back with him.

Instead of staying with his friends, he immediately decided he must go housekeeping, and at the present time Mr. and Mrs. Burns are living happily in a fine old tree in the yard of his mistress in Drown's Court.—*Selected.*

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication) and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

LITERARY CONTEST.

Fill the blank spaces with the titles of popular books.

During a visit to S— B— T—, C— E— met his friend D— B— who showed him T— H— O— A T— C— where they found T— L— G— in a discussion with R— R— and D— H— over T— S— O— H—.

II.

QUESTIONS IN HISTORY.

1. What English king was a hero of Holland?
2. What great Flemish hero, born about 1530, was a brewer's son?
3. What hero of our Revolutionary War was executed as a spy by the British?

III.

LABYRINTH OF LETTERS.

R	A	S	C	E	R	Y	K	E	R	A
G	P	E	E	L	U	P	R	Y	C	N
M	E	C	S	E	O	T	U	R	E	B
A	C	I	P	O	S	O	P	R	Y	S
E	R	E	I	T	A	T	E	C	U	A

By beginning at a certain letter, and following a path, using no letter twice, the names of articles found on the Thanksgiving menu will be spelled.

IV.

FORTUNE TELLING.

1. What should a Sexton's wife be named?
2. What should a Porter's wife be named?
3. What should a Dancing Master's wife be named?
4. What should a Milliner's wife be named?
5. What should a Gardener's wife be named?

—*Selected.*

V.

A SQUARE.

1. A color.
2. A vegetable.
3. A pain.
4. A vegetable.

—*Every Other Sunday.*

Answers to puzzles in the October number.

I. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—

C O L O R A D O
B O D L E I A N
O K L A H O M A
C L A U D I U S
C L E R M O N T
I P S A M B U L
A S S A N D U N
G R A C C H U S
H O L B R O O K
B E R K E L E Y
F R A N K L I N
C O R N W A L L
V I R G I N I A

II. WORD MAKING.—Disconsolate.

III. CHANGED INITIALS.—1. Hart—Part. 2. Ire—Ore. 3. Barrow—Narrow. 4. Bite—Kite. 5. Odd—Add. 6. Hen—Pen. 7. Ear—Oar. 8. Bore—Gore. Ponkapog.

IV. A DIAMOND.—

M
T O P
M O N E Y
P E N
Y

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins, or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

The present address of Mrs. Emma M. Backus is College Park, Georgia.

LIBRARY NOTICE.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied.

Apply to Mrs. Walter G. Leith, 6 Ashton Place, Cambridge, Mass.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The regular monthly meeting of The Cheerful Letter Exchange will be held on Friday, November 5, at 10.30 A.M., at 25 Beacon Street, Boston. All interested are cordially invited to be present.

The work has grown so it is no longer easy for the Book Club Secretary to care for all that pertains to the Club. The following ladies have volunteered to take charge of the different interests: For Bibles, either for requests or offers, apply to Mrs. Laura Hallett, Myrtle Terrace, Winchester, Mass. For scraps for patchwork, for requests or offers, to Mrs. E. H. Brigham, 72 Walnut Street, Brookline, Mass. For music, for requests or offers, to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, 145 Grand View Avenue, Wollaston, Mass.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers, in its *Home Study Work*, to send lessons to any one who wishes. We can help teachers at home for higher grades, or others who cannot continue their school studies. Lessons will be given in all subjects. Please apply to Miss Annie F. Hudson, 5 Alveston Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

The Chairman, Mrs. George G. Saville, is at the rooms, 25 Beacon Street, on Thursday afternoons, from 2 until 4.30 P.M.

In sending subscriptions for the *Cheerful Letter*, address The Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Subscriptions, 50 cents a year.

Chairman of Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. George G. Saville, 33 Saville Ave., Quincy, Mass.

Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.